



## Wounded Innocence



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### Chapter 1 by Artheimr

We're entering a weak firing range,  
a cold war area - a boring status quo  
Which thus makes us extraordinary, don't you think?

We've exceeded capacity long ago, no end or bottom to the self-derision,  
and I can't entertain you considerably with follies  
It'd just make you pointlessly excited  
Are acceptance and rebellion the only two options?  
Ah, aesthetics...

"I won't let anyone touch her."

Hey!

Wounded innocence - this is what makes us of the same kind  
I'm being reaped, yet must always keep going forwards  
Feel free to believe in the truth under your skirt's hem like a fool  
Why not simply murmur that you've been moved almost too much?

Killing time atop my desk,

I'd like to prepare some ai

That girl over there's a m

my passion says, eating through it all without reason

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Don't screw around pretending to be an angel, you want to disappear?  
All that's been buried expressionlessly and my birth don't come together coherently

"You've crossed the line. I won't forgive you."

Hey!

Revive your mind's eye - this is what makes us of the same kind  
Both of us will be forgiven; A battleground not even fully equipped  
Your foolishness is so lovable, something made me think that this evening  
Kindness flowing over,  
as if unraveling black hair...

Are you ready to count down?  
There is no way out to run

Hey!

Reveal everything.  
I will decide my own path.

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